For The Republican. DARLING NELL. EY J. S. SLATER.

Oh, 'tis long since last we met, Darling Nell: But thy presence lingers yet-

I am thinking of thee now,

Like a spell-In my heart, and, though in tears. I look back to by-gone years, still thy mem'ry ever cheers, Darling Nell.

Darling Nell. As thou wert when thou didst vow, In the dell, That to me thou wouldst be true, And I plighted troth with you As we walked the greenwood through

Darling Nell. I am lonely now, and sad, Darling Nell. And my heart has ne'er been glad Since the bell Tolled thy spirit to repose And I laid thee where the rose

With the valley-lily grows,

Durling Nell.

I am longing now for rest, Darling Nell, And the hopes that I love best Often tell That though stars may shed no light Through the curtained clouds of night, There's a Day where all is bright, Darling Nell.

I are hoping we shall meet, Darling Nell, Where in blest communion sweet We may dwell, And where love forever more Brings as back the days of yore As we live them o'er and o'er,

Darling Nell.

#### A SCULPTOR'S LOVE STORY

The capital of Anjon is preparing to do honor to one of its most illustrious children. The sculptor David is to be commemorated by a statue, the work of an M. Noel, who obtained the first St. Angers. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire has been deputed to represent the government at the inaugural ceremony, and the occasion will probably be seized to put forward a species of ministerial programme. The tife of David of Angers forms a fitting subject for republican panegyric, as he suffered persecution and banishment for the good cause. Posthumous reward has come at last, and on the spot where the embryo artist solicited the charity of passers-by to take home a few sous to his mother, the features of the powerful genius, as he developed in after years, will serve to remind future generations of Augerins that the path of glory, if it leads but to the grave, does not always rlose there.

The story of the struggling sculptor's privations, trials, and ultimate success in the great city Whither he belook himself will doubtless be told once more. To gain a scanty pittance he was obliged to accept mason's work, in which capacity he has left some marks of his powers in stone in the front of the Tuileries. Hearing of the hardships of their young townsman, the municipality in Angers voted him a moderate annuity of 500 francs, or \$100. This sufficed to keep David from netual want, and the force of his character and aplitude for art soon enabled him not only to sustain his head above water, but also to emerge into protested against the admission of Prince Napo-Icon caused him to be proscribed, and very nearly exaggeration to speak of David of Angers as the French Michael Angelo, but in his chief work, which has been called a national epopee, he certainly approached that great master. The history of his statue, "La Jeune Greeque," which was designed to portray a young girl bending over the tomb and spelling the hero's name of Marcos Botzaris, the victim of Nauphlie and saviour of Missolonghi, has been recounted by Jules Claretle. The young artist, inspired by this tale, burned with desire to mise a monument to its hero. One they, when casting about for a subject of composition, he perceived a littlegirl in a cemetery, kneeling over a tomb and spelling out the letters of the inscription oblished there by the aid of her fingers. Nothing could be more simple or more touching: "Life deciphering with a lisp the secret of death."

the More Saguet, in the Rue de Montparnasse, he discovered a maiden of fourteen, in rags but charming therein, "Now I have my model." David confided to his friend, the poet, after he had taken the address of the girl. Slim and delicate, bearing in her face the signs of a precocious struggle for existence, the child was nevertheless Greece oppressed. Her frail body was destined to live in the marble of the statuary; but all that her her in the present.

attention. One day, at the close of a sitting, she part with it, in return for her services, until the debt was wiped out.

"A Christ like that in our loft would be beautiful, and then it would console me, and might sustain me," entreated the girl.

Without a moment's hesitation David went and unbung the coveted object, saying in his curt but not unkindly tones: "All right; you wish it. Very do wrong, look at it and think of him who gave it "For nothing?" demanded the child, whose

name was Clementine. Her joy was profound, and David went on with feverish inspiration to complete the murble effigy of the young Grecian maiden spelling the name of Botzaris. All his poesy passed into the representation of this delicate creature, and all the feelings of the patriot were expressed in its clay. When he had finished, the author apostrophized his handiwork like Pygma- He would hear no excuse, but solemnly folded his lion addressing Galatca, "But as parent, not as

"Thou art ended now, dear child, and art about to quit our shores for the beautiful country of Greece-though whom I loved so much. Ah! how I loved thee, as a tender father loved his daughter, in spite of the faults which he knows so well. Thou art about to gult the land of noble inspiration and great works for the country which gave them birth. May the sun of Attica, whose rays are but faintly reflected here, warm thee. When the star shall mount in the firmament, like a thought of the Christ, one of its rays shall rest on the melancholy brow; for thou art very sad, my poor child." The statue of "La Jenne Greeque" was sent to

Greece, and in spite of this gloomy invocation we are told that the artist probably thought no more of it than of its prototype, being engrossed with other works. One evening, on quitting a company at M. de Gisor's, the architect of Luxembourg, Pavid was accosted by an unknown person, who dealt him two terrible blows from behind which laid bare his skull. But for the help of a passing workman he might have bled to death by the wayside. With difficulty the sculptor dragged himself to his abode. His attempted assassin remained undiscovered, although David always suspected a rival against whom he voted in a competition, and who afterward died mad. A few years later, when the episode had been nearly forgotten by its victim, David of Angers (as he is called) received a letter inviting him to repair, between midnight and one o'clock, to a certain house in the Faubourg St. Jaques, near the hospital Val de Grace. A sign, understood by "patriots," was traced on the cover. David, fancying that it re. playing. ferred to a convocation of some political refugees, prepared to start without any in a collar-and-elbow wrestling misgivings. The note stated that the house had no Watertown, Mass., recently. conclerge, and that the bearer must go provided In a wrestling-match between Mike with a covered lantern. On the fourth story he Donohue and John H. Taylor, for \$200 a side, in would see a cross chalked on the door, which Boston on March 1, the former was the winner. would be opened on knocking. Somebody would be there to receive him. The proposal sounded mysterious, not to say suspicious, but the recipient of this strange missive was young; and the romantic school, with friend Hugo at the head, was just at its dawn. He set off, arriving at the house indi-

cated a little after midnight. chalk cross, when he knocked, as instructed, with- summer. out misgiving. No answer. He knocked again, made the dupe of some practical joke, the midnight visitor was about to descend and wend his for \$6,000. way homeward. All on a sudden the opposite door opened, when a young woman appeared with a light in her hand. Recognizing David, she became pale, exclaiming in a terrified voice, "What! is it you? You, Monsicar David!"

The sculptor, in his turn, stood stupefied as he saw before him, still beautiful, though trembling, the little street girl of the Rue Montparnasse, the

young Greek of the tomb of Botzaris. "Gonway from here as quick as you can," she

once, I beg of you, Monsieur David." "Be it so," responded the sculptor, feeling that | nents.

alone, without arms, he would be no match for his enemies. Descending rapidly the staircase, he gained the street, and posted himself a few doors off in the entrance to the court. A few minutes later several men approached, who disappeared stealthily in the house he had just quitted. "I fancled," said the sculptor, "that I recognized my

ussassin among them."

Many years elapsed, when one day David was Impelled by the desire to revisit the site. Knocking at the door where the girl had appeared, he obtained no answer. Asking a werkman on the stair for Mile, Clementine, "Don't know her," was the gruff reply. Nobody in the place had ever heard of a woman of that name. Disappeared, doubtless, the lassie of 1827, who had incarnated such a beautiful dream. In the month of August, 1843, following the obsequies of his comrade, Cortort, of whom he said, "His sculpture is of ice-an houest tradesman, who puts the right weight in the scales, neither more nor less," David descried, lounging along the Quat Malaquais, his old model, grown to womanhood, still beautiful, though miserable. Under her arms she carried the Christ, the same which the sculptor gave her, with the exhortation, "You shall think of it when you are tempted to do wrong." For a moment he thought to leave the procession to follow the woman on her errand to the bric-a-brae dealers of the quarter, and for months afterward he scanned the windows of these curiosity-shops to espy, if possible, this bronze figure of the Saviour. Five or six years subsequently the artist once more stumbled across his young vision. Alas! how changed and fallen. David sawher disappear in one of the hideous dens of vice, in company with a bully. "This creature, bearing already at forty the stigma of decrepitude, was the maiden whom the sculptor and the poet had met, who had for a moment impregnated their dreams of art with the genius of

liberty-Greece ever young and ever fair." But this was not the last time the pair were fated to encounter each other. In July, 1847, a figure drew timidly toward David as he was passing along the Rue des Boucheries. "You do not remember me, M. David?" she said. "Oh, yes; I am so changed. I was prettler the first day when I came to you. Oh! I could not pose any more for a Jenne Greeque now." David shuddered, dropped into the woman's hand a piece, and the next instant saw her taken off to jail by the police. "It would be difficult to invent a more poignant story," adds the chronicler; but the end was not yet come. David of Angers, exiled by the coup d'etat, repaired to Greece, in company with his daughter. prize in the competition organized by the town of | He wanted to behold with his own eyes, under the pure sky of Attica, the chief work of his youth. He must go to Missoloughi, to visit the tomb of Marco Bozzaris. Some one said to him: "Do not go." "Why not?" inquired the traveler. He was soon to know the reason. Approaching the strip of land where Byron died, at the foot of the bastion where Bozzaris fell, the sculptor descried his young Greek. "Methought I saw her thrill at the sight of her creator a generation ago." The next moment he gave vent to a cry of rage and despair. The statue was broken-the right hand smashed, the pointed finger gone. The face was mutilated like the visage of its model, as struck by her brutal protector. Roving tourists-English among the number-had defaced the pedestal, and other infamies had been committed. David never fully recovered from the stroke, and returned soon afterward to his native town to die. His heart bled at the thought of the outrage inflicted by those barbarians. Alas! for our shattered idols! These barbarians were Greeks .-American Architect.

Young Man Hugged Against His Will. A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from the city of Louisville one night the other week, which, though a little annoying to the parties immediately connotoriety. He received a commission to execute | cerned, was just so innocent and funny that we canan emblematic figure of France on the portal of not refrain from giving the general outlines, supthe Pantheon, which is esteemed a masterpiece. pressing names, of course: Two sprightly and beau-The revolution of 1818 afforded him an opening to | tiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, anpublic life, and the very decided way in which he other sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were cost him his life in 1852. It may, perhaps, be an told, we fear we should have to record the fact that these three misses were just a little bit fast. They were fond of practical jokes, and were continually daying all sorts of pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and uddled up together in bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until half-past twelve o'clock at night. As it was late, they concluded not to disturb the household; so they quietly stepped into their room through the

ow, open window. In about half an hour after they had left for the party, a young Methodist minister called at the house where they were staying, and craved a night's lodging, which, of course, was granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, he old lady put him to sleep in the best room, The next step was to seek a model. While on | and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to his way to dine with Victor Hugo, at the house of the party was intrusted with the duty of sitting up for the absent ones, and of informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor, and, as the night was sultry, sleep overcome her, and she departed on an excursion to the land

of dreams. We will now return to the young ladies who had gone to their room through the window. By the beautiful, and seemed at that moment to incarnate | dim light of the moonbeams as they struggled through the curtains the young ladies were enabled to descry the outlines of Fannie (as they unworthy parent thought of was the ration of supposed) enseonced in the middle of the bed. brandy which her daughter's pure form procured They saw more-to wit, a pair of boots. The truth flashed upon them at once. They saw it all. There was in David's atclier in the Rue de Fleu- | Fannie had set the boots in the room to give them rus a crucifix in bronze which attracted his model's a good scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently ventured to ask the sculptor if he would consent to they disrobed, and, stealthily as cats, they took up their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into the bed, one on each side of the unconscious parson, laughing and screaming. "Oh, what a man! Oh, what a man!" They gave the poor, bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tussling as few parsons

are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime. The noise of the proceeding awoke the old lady, well, take it then; and if ever you are tempted to who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing o the room she opened the door and exclaimed: "Gracious, gals, it is a man-it is a man, sure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream, a flash of muslin through the door, and all was gentleman's sneer at an honest calling, and under-

The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in carnest. He would listen to no apologies the old lady could make for the girls clerical robes about him and silently stole away. Query-Was he mad at the girls, or-at the old roman?-Louisville Journal.

New Zealand Women. The men are short, and the women shorter. The women all look alike. The handsome ones have not arrived yet, and never will until the government encourages immigration from America. The women wear long trails, and in dry weather, when they let it down, if you want to get near enough to be social, you must go on the opposite side of the street, not behind them. In wet weather they carry the trail over the right arm .-

### SPORTING SQUIBS.

Eugene Carter and Lon Morris are natched at billiards for \$500.

Clapp will be manager and McGeary captain of the Cleveland Club. The Base-Ball League met at the Tifft House, Buffalo, on Thursday last,

Noontide (2:201) has been sold to Mr. . B. Brown, of Providence, R. I., for \$5,000. Thomas J. Keefe will alternate with Welch in the pitcher's position in the Troy Club. Dr. Carver was defeated by Mr. Rad-

nor in shooting off a tie on five, in London, last Richard Daft, after a remarkable career as a cricketer, has finally retired from professional

Mr. G. G. Hall, of Boston, Mass., has sold his black team of geldings-Vulcan (2:25) and a Representative form Indiana, sought to obtain the Wilbur F. (2:24)2-te Mr. W. R. Armstrong, of De-

decided to challenge the Columbia Boat Club to House. On reaching the fourth floor David perceived the row an eight-oared shell race during the coming Many of the night sessions in the old hall have

John Splan has bought Fringe, a sixwith the same result, until, thinking he had been year-old mare, who trotted at four years a mile in 2:2614, from Mr. William Edwards, of Cleveland,

Albert Frey, the boy pool-player, is auxious to meet his old antagonist, Lon Morris, jr., again, and offers to play him the best in forty-one

games for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side. The American College Association will hold an adjourned meeting at Springfield, Mass., to-night to arrange a schedule of championship base-ball contests for the coming season.

The Pacific Life says that an amateur eried, in supplicating tones. "If you stay you are | base-ball league will be organized this season, ema dead mun; and be sure not to say a word about | bracing clubs from San Francisco and Oakland. it, else we shall be undone-my mother and I. Ah! It is intended that the apparently waning fortune | growing, and the increasing number of Congressmon Dieu! I did not know it was you. Be off at of the national game on the Pacific coast is to be men had filled the old hall uncomfortably full. retrieved and upheld, with amateurs as its expo- The space in front of the Clerk's desk was gradu-

## HISTORIC HALLS,

WITH THEIR ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

The Old Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives, and the Mcn Who Figured in Them -Some Interesting Pictures from the Past.

The tourist who visits our magnificent Capital, supposed to be the handsomest in the world, in his admiration of the frescoed rotunda, adorned with the realistic pictures of Trumbull and Peale, the stately Library with its crowded alcoves, the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives, imperial in their gilded decorations and ornate panel-work, passes by with little attention to the most interesting objects of all—the old Senate and Hall of Representatives.

An odor of republican simplicity pervades the very air of these time-honored legislative halls, which, in years gone by, have rung with the fervid eloquence of Clay, Webster, Pinckney, Calhoun, Prentiss, Randolph of Roanoke, and others.

The old Hall of Representatives, stripped of its furniture and surroundings, to the unobservant eye of the stranger possesses seemingly but small attraction. A brief survey of the statues, a careless glance at the old-fashioned dome, a half skeptical trial of the wonderful transmitter of sound, and the visitor passes out quite as much enlightened as when he first stepped on its threshold. Yet this hall is the most interesting of all relies of times gone by, and has a story of absorbing and thrilling interest. The student of history, as he stands within its venerable walls, recalls its appearance twenty-five years ago, with its heavy faded red drapery, its plain mahogany desks, and historic Speaker's chair, over which towered the mute but eloquent figure of the Goddess of Liberty, the impressive portrait of Washington by Stuart, the lofty dome, the stately pillars, the ghostly echoes, which startled the visitor at every sound of his voice, thrilling him as he lingered on its time-honored threshold with an indefinable awe and conspiring to fill the contemplative observer with mingled emotions of veneration and respect

As we gaze it seems as though the hall once more was filled with desks and moving figures. The ladies' gallery, supported by the Potomac marble columns and festooned with its dingy red bangings, fills up the gap, while the reporters' desks, ranged round in a semi-circle space, monopolize the lobby, where the observant eye of a Robinson found a wide range for congressional gossip, and where ex-members lolled on the sofa or east envious glances from behind the green curtain that separated them from the sacred floor of the House. Those were GOOD OLD TIMES,

when a lobbyist could securely edge himself in a member's seat, and while the roll was being called survey with complacent satisfaction the crowded galleries on either side, or where Senators, tired of the monotony of a manuscript speech, had strolled negligently in to peer around and air their superlative grandeur; when pages flitted restlessly to and fro, dreaming of the day when they too could enter that hall invested with the dignity of official greatness; when lunches were eaten in contempt of etiquette, eigars smoked oblivious of House rules, and loud talking indulged in without fear of interruption or reportorial comment; when, in short, members were the cynosure, the worshiped, and the feared. Good old times they were, when the galleries were unencumbered with the almond-eyed Chinese and black-skinned freedman, but jammed and packed with a democratic crowd that relentlessly trod on your toes and crushed your beaver in the struggle for place; when boys hung over the railings and menaced members' heads with the inevitable peanut shell, or slid nois ly from their perc and sidled behind the big pillars in defiance of the lynx-eyed doorkeeper and contempt of all House rules to come. These were good old times, we repeat, when writing materials were furnished and let to the members, and pocket-knives supplied by the bushel, and unwashed linen sent home by country members under the magic influence of a frank; when Whig and Democrat met in friendly tilt; when speeches were poured out like water,

to be remodeled and repeated over again by an-All this was pleasant, social, and mediaval; but hall, with its grand associations, meant something else. For half a century it had echoed with the eloquence of the most gifted statesmen of the age; it had been frequented year after year by men whose names are as household words to the American people; it had been the theatre of some of the most remarkable eyents recorded in our national history. In this hall of solemn grandeur and republican simplicity Clay, Webster, Adams, Marshall, Randolph, Prentiss, and a host of others burst upon their country's vision resplendant in oratory and statesman ability. When the semi-circle of desks extended but half-way across the green-carpeted floor Marshall spoke his valedictory, and the setting sun of his departing glory tinged the young cheek of the black-eyed descendant of Powhatan as he stepped forward to occupy his vacant chair; when Harry Clay, fresh from his glorious mission to Ghent, entered for the first time to make a name second only to the great Chatham himself, and whose brow was destined to be wreathed with unfading laurels ere he left. It was here where the eloquent Prentiss courageously pleaded his cause, and gained the first judicial victory ever won in that hall. It was

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, in burning language and with sarcastic scorn, boldly arraigned the then Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Henry Clay, as a corrupt bargainer and intrigant, which afterward lead to the mem-

orable duel between these distinguished men. It was here where the same eccentric Randolph during a heated debate, attacked Hon, John Sheffey, of Virginia, and, contemptuously referring to his humble origin (a shoemaker), advised him, in his peculiarly ironical language, to return to his bench, and was met by this stinging rebuke:

"My colleague, the gentleman from Virginia advises me to return to my 'last' and the shoemaker's bench. I compassionate the honorable stand why he is unable to appreciate the act of conquering the disadvantages of an humble birthright. He may rest assured that if he had ever been on the bench he would have never left it." It was here, too, where the younger Adams (John Quincy) amazed his friends and enraged the Southern Whigs by offering a petition for the

abolition of slavery, coming from the Quakers of Pennsylvania, which no Representative from that State had ever dared to present before, and was met by a storm of indignation that kindled the flames which, in later days, was to break out in a vast conflagration. It was here where Mr. Clay, with his eloquent

voice and wise counsel, checked the popular excitement growing out of the admission of a slave-State into the Union, and, with his famous Missouri Compromise, staid the fires of secession and

It was here where the Southern Democracy for years dominated over the country, until the Republican party, a new offspring of liberty, rose upand, crowding into this historic hall, elected, for the first term, a Speaker committed to a fresh and vigorous policy. It was here where Brooks, the assailant of Charles Sumner, stood up and hurled defiance on the representative heads of Massachusetts, and where that grand champion of human Southern members the prestige they had held so

And then there were other characters who, if not so noted, are pleasant, at least, to dwell upon. The witty and dissipated Tom Marshall, the firm and manly-spirited Tristam Burgess, the eccentric jack-knife and frequently very irreverently fell asleep with his hat on.

A FAMOUS DEAD-LOCK. Here also occurred the famous dead-lock, conse-Garland, to terms, and caused Henry A. Wise to confer on him the memorable and familiar title of "The old man eloquent,"

It was here when, in later days, William J. Brown, coveted prize of the speakership by bribing his brother members; and, amid a scene of the wild-The Harvard University Boat Club has est excitement, was indignantly expelled from the

been marked by a degree of noise and confusion that have temporarily converted it into a Pandomonium rivaling in appearance the New York Stock Exchange, yet with it all retaining a firm nucleus of serene legislators, ever ready to uphold its dignity and vindicate the purity of its past

Invested with all the charms of bistoric greatness, it is not surprising that this hall and the old Senate chamber should be regarded with peculiar veneration and call forth endless reminiscences, at once interesting to the patriot and conveying an impressive lesson of the mutability of

all human greatness. In 1859 these two venerable halls were abaudoned for the present Senate chamber and House of Representatives. The Nation was steadily ally encroached upon by the rising tide of repre- owners off to prison.

sentation, and in consequence of this crowded condition frequent quarrels generated into fierce conflicts. During night sessions many pugilistic encounters took place between belligerent legislators, which reporters made no note of, and, while

galleries, rarely disturbed the equanimity of the The atmosphere of the hall, from its poor ventilation and other causes, was almost stifling; when crowded it was simply unendurable. Preston Brooks, the assaulter of Sumner, died from a violent throat distemper contracted in the poisonous atmosphere of the old Hall of Representatives. Even in John Quincy Adams' time it was described by him as "the modern Black Hole of Calcutta." The peculiar odor lingered many months after its final desertion.

it served to amuse and excite the occupants of the

THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER, now occupied by the United States Supreme Court, has not lost any of its dignity or historic value. The associations connected with it will always make it a venerated and hallowed spot in the eyes of the present generation and of others yet to come. Webster's famous speech in reply to Hayne's, of South Carolina, was made in this chamber. It was the first intellectual tilt between the North and the South. The champion of State Rights and secession was overwhelmed by the grand and patriotic utterances of Massachusetts' orator. Here also occurred the exciting assault of Brooks

on Charles Sumner, which did much to widen the gap between the two opposing sections and bring on the terrible strife of civil war. This old Senate chamber also consecrates and preserves the memory of the great triumvirate-as they were called-Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. These three brilliant intellects wielded a potent power among their associates seldom restricted by party ties. A speech from Clay or Webster was talismanic. Of the effect and power of

CLAY'S ORATORY much has been said and a great deal written, but the most vivid description fails to give an idea of his magnificent voice, his eloquent pauses, his peculiar and impressive genuflexions. The earnest sincerity in his very utierance of "Mr. President" at once enforced attention and commanded respect; his musical and resonant voice pervaded every nook and cranny of the Senate chamber, and, as he warmed with his subject, he never failed in producing an irresistible feeling of kindred sympathy. On his favorite topic, "The Union: Its Indissolubility and Strength," he was simply sublime. As he depicted the disastrous results that would follow a disruption of the Union the tone of his voice grew solemn and his listeners became thoughtful and sad. When he referred to the enemies of our beloved country, who were eagerly striving to sound the knell of its liberties, his hearers' faces became dark with resentment and angry excitement. As he went on to portray the earnest faith and loyalty of the people for that self-same Union, every face brightened into proud confidence and hope; but when, carried away by the intensity of his feelings, he declared his own unselfish love for his country, dazed by the eloquence of the man, Senate, lobby, and galleries broke forth into tumultuous and sympathetic applause. Within that chamber one bright light after another fades from the Senate constellation. John Randolph, of Roanoke, more like a spectre of the past, glides out after short but tender parting with his old enemy, Clay. Culhoun, wan and feeble, gazes for the last time on the sacred fame, and is kissed by Clay as he passes from its threshold forever. Clay, in turn, totters feebly out of the Senate chamber, sad and emaciated, with a farewell word from the "Little Giant," Douglas, who is just stepping hopefully forth in the arena

There are dusty folios and worm-eaten volumes ecording their deeds, and congressional reports of flery debates, quick flashes of temper, wrangling discussions, thrusts of eloquence; but these are stereotyped and rendered immortal by the silent walls and nameless echoes that will never die way with the march of time.

## TWEED'S "TRAVELS."

How They Adversely Affected the Payment of His Life Insurance.

In the suit of the heirs of W. M. Tweed recover the insurance on his life, the Court of Appeals rules as follows: A life policy issued October 1, 1868, upon the life of William M. Tweed, sets forth that in consideration of \$1,180.99 paid, and a like sum annually during the continuance it was the surface and not the depth, and the old of the policy, it would pay for the benefit of plaintiffs \$10,000 upon the death of Tweed. If he should be alive April 1, 1878, and the policy in force, it would pay the sum to Tweed. The policy contained among other conditions this, that it should be "void and of no effect" if the party whose life is insured should, "without the written consent of this company previously obtained, travel upon the seas." On the 4th of September, 1875, Tweed escaped from the custody of the sheriff of New York, who held him under civil process, and was recaptured at Vigo, Spain, in September, 1876, and was brought to this country by sea. He had never obtained the consent of the insurance company to travel upon the seas. Plaintiffs did not offer to surrender the policy until August, 1877, when they did so, and demanded from the company a paid-up policy for eight-tenths of the amount insured. Held: That the travel upon the seas by Tweed forfeited the policy and the plaintiff's right thereunder and the premiums paid thereon, and that there was no equitable round for releasing from the forfeiture. On the back of the policy was printed a statement that permits will be granted by the company to the insured to travel in foreign countries on "reasonable terms." Held: That it could not be ciaimed that the company was bound to grant the permit upon payment of a reasonable charge, which the court could fix and allow in this action to the company as a deduction. The company could impose other terms than a reasonable charge. The court could not act when the permit was not even asked for: and the court cannot relieve from the forfeiture even though the insured retured in safety to this

A Tail of Success. An early settler in Chicago relates an neident in which he was an actor: "As I sat there in the long ago and, shrouded in the September haze, was dreaming of a fortunate future for myself, I heard the muffled tread of innumerable feet drawing nearer and nearer to me. The sound was like the footfall of a regiment of infantry approaching, and I rose to see what was the cause. had not long to wait, for very soon there have in sight a very singular spectacle. First came a large llinois hog at the head of a long column of Illinois hogs, all marching Indian fashion, and grunting with that gentle, placid grunt which the hog carries with him. On closer examination into the singular phenomenon I saw that all the hogs, except the leader, were blind, each animal having his predecessor's tail in his mouth throughout the long line, consisting of 13,521 unfortunate, sightless hogs, cheerfully following their leader toward water. I was never so struck with the wonderful instinct of the brute creation than the bed. in my life, and my eyes filled with tears when I saw the childlike faith and confidence of each blind animal following with implicit trust the more fortunate guide. Soon, however, a great dazzling three-cornered idea worked its way into my intellect. Dashing away my idle tears, I drew my revolver and shot off the leader's tail, leaving the long line of disconcerted and aimless hogs in the middle of a broad prairie with no guide but the dephlogisticated tail of a hog who was threequarters of a mile away. Then I stole up, and taking the gory tail in my hand, I led the trusting freedo m, Joshua Giddings, wrested from the phalanx down to the stock-yards and sold the outfit at eight cents live weight. This was the start of my dazzling career as a capitalist-a career to which I now point with pride. Thus, from a poor boy, with one suspender and a sore toe, I have stools and placed them at the foot of the cot. risen to be one of our leading business men. "There, that will give the necessary six or eight known and respected by all, and by industry and David Crockett, who notched his desk with his economy and borrowing my chewing tobacco I have come to be one of our solid men."

### General Putnam's Duels,

quent on the refusal of the clerk to recognize the nam, the revolutionary hero, in Forney's "Anecdotes trick of mine. When I was a country lawyer, trav-John Kenny defeated Thomas O'Brien Jersey delegation. After many weary days and of Public Men." He accepted a challenge and fixed cling on the circuit in Illinois twenty years ago tween Point Lookout and Norfolk in connection with nights of prostrated sitting, when the House the time, and as his antagonist approached he was or more, the beds were uncommonly short, and had the road. It will hold the key to the oyster trade of seemed powerless to organize, John Quincy Adams, greeted with a shot from Pulnam's gun at thirty rods. to be pieced out with whatever was handlest. the Chesapeake, and furnish its only available outlet by a masterly coup d'etat, brought the Clerk, Mr. As Putnam was reloading his gun his antagonist ap- When Douglas and I stumped the State together I during the winter season. proached and said: "What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American soldier and a man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" was the reply of honor?" "What am I about to do?" "What am I about to do?" was the reply of honor?" "What am I the General. "A pretty question to put to a man you fun of it, and told me that whenever I left home I and its rights of way paid for and on record. It is abintend to murder! I am about to kill you; and, if ought to take my bed along with me, and," continyou do not fight in less time than it takes old Heath | ued the President, musingly, "I rather think he to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." Of course the other turned and ran away. The second affair was with a British officer who challenged him. Putnam accepted, fixed the time and place, and when the Englishman found him he was seated near a barrel, apparently containing powder, smoking his pipe. The recollection of my little experience in presidential General requested him to take a seat on the other bed-making.—An Eye Witness in Boston Times. side of the cask, and then set fire to a match communicating with the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the burning fuse and retired. As he moved off the General said: "You are just as brave as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onlons, with a few grains of powder on top, to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

### A Novel Idea.

# A WAR REMINISCENCE

MAKING A BED FOR MR. LINCOLN.

A Scene the Great President Enjoyed-Ingenuity of "Old Abe" in Lengthening It when Ho Found It Was Too Short-A Good Story.

We were at Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fight, and, as may be imagined, WHAT OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS SAY. felt pretty badly.

True, the final and bloody repulse of the rebels at Malvern Hill had cheered us up somewhat, but . it was plain to enlisted men as well as officers that the occupation of Richmond would have to be deferred for a long time. It was during our first week's occupation of this

rehistoric spot that I enjoyed the first and only opportunity I ever had of seeing President Linoln, who visited the army shortly after its arrival in order to ascertain its exact condition and deide upon its future movements. As the writer of this was the orderly of Major-

General Sumner, whose guest the President was during his brief stay, he had more than ordinarily good advantages for observing his peculiarities, which, it is needless to say, he improved to the

What first impressed me about President Lincoln ras the excessive awkwardness of his figure and the fact that his clothes didn't seem to fit him. Tall, gaunt, and ungainly, he certainly looked like a railsplitter going about in his Sunday suit, or an undertaker temporarily out of business. This latter resemblance was intensified by the melancholy character of his features and the coat, vest, and trousers of funeral black in which he was habitually attired. The expression of his face was an odd mingling of shrewdness, sagacity, and native kindness; and, despite its sadness, there continually lurked about the corners of his mouth gleams of quaint humor of which none of his pictures give the slightest indication. Mr. Lincoln wore what was commonly called a

plug hat, and, although it may have only been of onventional length, it appeared to me extraordinarily tall. Although it may well be doubted if any other species of hat would have better become him, I remember thinking at the time that the stoveplpe added greatly to the oddness and grotesquerie of his appearance. The troops were to be reviewed on the day of his

arrival, and I remember the General was very much perplexed as to the character of the Presdent's mount, and finally consulted him as to the kind of charger he would prefer. I remember his answer as plainly as if it were only yesterday. "General, said he, "any kind of a quiet beast

will do. I don't think I was cut out for a eavalryman, and I am afraid a high-spirited war-steed night prove a little too much for me." In the General's stud was a little sorrel mare called Bounie, the soul of gentleness and good temper, and he at once proposed her for Mr. Lin-

coln's use. "All right," said the President; "I guess the mare will suit me to a T; besides, among horses, that sex is much the easiest to manage. This remark, however," he added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "does not hold good of humanity."

When Mr. Lincoln was mounted on Bonnie his appearance was more peculiar than ever. The little mare was not more than fourteen hands high, and so great was the length of the President's legs that once fairly settled in his saddle his feet nearly touched the ground. As he ruefully remarked, glancing at his extremities, "if I was only two inches longer, I think I'd get off and walk." Mounted by his side on a splendid stallion

prancing and rearing, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, General Sumner looked like a veritable avalier of old while the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, by comparison, had the appearance of including the last, has refused your application to enter some quiet country parson who, in ambling to the city of Washington, or even the District of Colummorning service, had fallen among military men bia. by mistake. However, the enthusiasm of the men for the

lain-looking civilian was tremendous, and the resident was much pleased with the review. Particularly was he delighted with the spirit of the troops, which was evidently much better than he had expected. As he rode back he said to the General, glee-

ully, "The boys seem as if they were willing to go in again to-morrow," a sentiment to which that officer assented. After our return to camp the President dined

neartily, and toward evening went away to visit me other generals. It was about eight o'clock and getting dark when General Sumner ordered me to send his colored servant to him. This was a sprightly contraand, whom the men had christened Stonewall lackson, but on the present occasion Stonewall belied the promptness of his namesake and was not

forthcoming. As it turned out afterward, he had been at racted by the playing of the bands of some New York regiments about a quarter of a mile on our right, and of course could not leave while there was a horn blowing. I saw the General was getting auxious, and

inally he spoke:

"Davis," said he, "do you know how to make a I confessed that my experience in that line was mewhat limited.

"So is mine," said he, "but something must be lone. I am expecting the President every moment, and he retires early. As that black rascal hasn't turned up I suppose we must try and prepare his bed ourselves." The General had surrendered his own cot for the ase of the President, and we at once proceeded to

arrange it as best we could. We had hardly rotten fairly under way when in walked Mr. Lin-"Hello, Sumner," said he, "making your bed? This is the first time I knew that corps commanders acted as their own chambermaids."

The General replied in the same vein, telling him that the cot was for him, and explaining the circumstances under which we had felt obliged to do the work of the derelict Stonewall. 'All right," said the President, good-humoredly, s he took his seat on the camp-stool in the corner go ahead, don't mind me; I'll merely watch you

and take the lesson, so that it you ever come to the

White House I shall be able to reciprocate, should t prove necessary." We were getting along nicely and had nearly finieneral. He glanced furtively out of the corner of his eye at the President and then at the cot. After repeating the operation several times I perceived his meaning.

The awful fact had dawned upon him that there was a marked discrepancy in the length of the cot and the person who was to occupy it. In valu did we rearrange the blankets and fiddle-faddle with the pillows-the result remained the same. The man was- unmistakably longer

Mr. Lincoln had been watching us closely and enjoying the scene intensely. At length he seemed to take pity on the General's perplexity "What's the matter?" said he, as a quizical

smile played over his features, "anything wrong 'I'm afraid," said the General, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "I'm afraid it's a little

"Or I'm a little long," chuckled the President; but can't you fix it no way?" "I really don't see how," returned the General, lespondently. "It's very annoying."

"Well, I'll show you," said Mr. Lincoln, goodhumoredly, as springing up he seized two camp inches. Just spread the blankets over them and everything will be all right." We did so, and the General, radiant with delight, congratulated Mr. Lincoln upon his inge-

A good story is told of General Put- "Oh," said the President, modestly, "it's an old

was right."
On the following night Mr. Lincoln was not obliged to use the camp-stools, as we managed to procure a longer cot for him; and doubtless the whole affair soon passed out of his memory, but for my own part I shall always retain the liveliest

#### Why We Ask People to Dinner. In asking people to dinner you should

put to yourself the question, "Why do I ask them?" and, unless the answer be satisfactory, they are not likely to contribute much to the agreeability and sociality of the entertainment. They may be ornamental; it may be necessary, in a give-and-tak o sense, to have them in return for a dinner already long re-The Governor of Madrid, in old Spain, ceived and digested; but, unless they are sensible, sohas hit upon a new, but decidedly effective, method | cial, unaffected, and clever men, they are not likely of moving against the gambling-houses, which he seems determined to root out. Having decided upon ment. You may ask a man because he talks britseems determined to root out. Having decided upon the hour of his descent, Count Xiemna took the precaution to lock up the ten district inspectors, and thus, prevent information of the intended raid being given to the gamblers. The move was a success, and the governor, with a staff of constables, surprised twenty-four houses in full operation, seized their gambling implements and money, and walked the players and owners off to prison.

ment. You may ask a man because he talks brilliantly and eloquently; because he is a wit; beca

#### Financial. LOOK AT THIS!

The Record of the Southern Maryland Railroad.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4, 1881. J. H. LINVILLE, ESQ., President Southern Maryland Rallroad,

SIR: I observe that a letter bearing your signature dated Philadelphia, March 1, to Messrs, A.W. Dimock & Co., of New York, charges that certain statements made by me in a letter to said firm, dated Washingon, February 25, are untrue. I now reiterate the fact that a judgment of \$30,000 against the Southern Maryland Railroad is held by the company of which I am president, as will appear by an examination of the ecords of St. Mary's County Court, No. 35, trials, september Term, 1875, a certified copy of which I here with transmit to you.

I also stated that we held the obligations of the Southern Maryland Railroad Company in notes to a large amount. This allegation you substantially ad-

I did NOT say there were JUDGMENTS against you to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars. Your ienial is therefore disingenuous. I DID say, "Its other debts, many being in the form of indements, are estimated to amount to considerably

over a quarter of million of dollars," and I will give

you sufficient data for that assertion. The Southern Maryland Railroad Company owes the State of Maryland \$163,000 and interest from 1873, for amount of money paid to said company by the state under false representations, and the Attorney seneral of the State filed this claim as a DERT due to the State, as will appear by the proceedings in the suit for the appointment of a receiver brought by the creditors of said road in Prince George's County. This, with interest, amounts now to about \$240,000. There were other claims represented by counsel which amounted to \$175,000. There is also a judgment in the Superior Court of Baltimore city, in favor of Starr & Ridenour, amounting to about \$8,000. There are also other debts owing by your company

to parties in the various counties which your alleged

proposed railroad traverses. I inclose an extract from a letter from Hon. George D. Mudd, ex-State senator from Charles County, as to his knowledge of it in his own and adjoining counties. I also beg to call your attention to the report of the investigating committee of the General Assembly of Maryland of the session of 1876, contained in the journal of the senate. Referring to the reports filed therein you will see that, according to the testimony of Mr. Smoot, the president of the Southern Maryland Railroad Company, that, "in addition to an indebtedness in bills payable of over \$75,000, and numerous other claimants not so secured, bonds of the company to the amount of \$2,200,000 have been issued, and LARGE amount have been floated;" and further, hat the investigating committee recommended "that the Attorney-General of the State take such legal proeedings as may be necessary to secure the proper

said company and the interest of the State in said And a minority report filed therein even recom mended "that the testimony and papers in the case be referred to the grand jury of the Criminal Court of Baltimore City." These same records contain many pages of instructive reading of similar tenor. And further, there are two mortgages to the Central Trust Company of New York on record, dated January 1, 1881-one for \$1,600,000, the other for \$500,000. Now, then, with these two mortgages, and the \$2,200,-000 of bonds referred to in your former president's testimony, and the other amounts owing by your company, WHAT WILL BE THE INDEBTEDNESS PER MILE OF YOUR PROPOSED BOAD ? Nearly every Congress for the past Intricen years

application of the money subscribed to the stock of

I do not care here to indulge in personalities, but to refer you to facts, all susceptible of proof and matters

of record accessible to the public. Respectfully,

Extract of letter of Hon. George D. Mudd, ex-State senator of Maryland.] DEAR SIE: The name of the Southern Maryland Railroad Company in this section is synonymous with fraud and rascality. Our people have been robbed and cheated by the officers and contractors of the company, and I can give you ample proof thereof. As chairman of the committee of the senate of Maryland which investigated the affairs of this company in connection with its obtaining \$163,000 from the State by fraud, the evidence showed conclusively to my mind the fraudulent manner in which the money referred to was obtained, and the papers ought to have been sent to the proper grand jury and the swindlers properly punished

The matter will agage be brought before the next Legislature for further action in the premises. First Mortgage

TWENTY-YEAR

Six Per Cent. Gold Bonds

Point Lookout Mard's, "
Marcus Ward's

RAILROAD COMPANY.

ished when suddenly an idea seemed to strike the ISSUE LIMITED TO \$1,000,000, OR LESS THAN \$14,000 PER MILE.

> We invite subscriptions at 924 and accrued interest for a limited amount of the above-named bonds

The road is now in process of construction, over four hundred men being actively employed in the work, and will be in complete running order to Point Lookout within six months. The bonds on the completed portion, now leased by the Baltimore and Ohio, issued at over \$13,000 per

mile, and originally placed at 88 per cent., are now selling at 110. This road will furnish the most direct outlet to the sea for the grain, coal, &c., of the Baltimore and Ohio, Penusylvania Central, and other important lines. It will furnish an important link in the chain of communication between the North and South, shortening the time on through travel about six hours. The company will establish a line of steamers to run be- Garfield's Inauguration March,

solutely free from debt, excepting the bonds now offered, the entire issue of which has been placed in our hands in trust in such form that we are enabled to guarantee, as we do, that for every \$14,000 of bonds issued there shall be completed and equipped at least one mile of road.

All the bonds which we were authorized to offer at 90 having been subscribed for, we have advanced the price to 92%. The right to advance the price without notice is reserved. A recent advertisement justifies the publication of the following letter from the president of the road:

A. W. DIMOCK & CO.,

7 EXCHANGE COURT: NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE
WASHINGTON CITY AND POINT LOOKOUT R. R.,
WASHINGTON, February 23, 1881.
Messis. A. W. DIMOCK & CO.: Messrs. A. W. DIMOCK & CO.:

GENTLEMEN—This company holds a judgment against the Southern Maryland Railroad of over \$30,000, which, of course, underlies any mortgage that can be now created. It also holds its obligations in the form

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NEW LENTEN BOOKS. Easter Cards in Great Variety.

W. H. & O. H. MORRISON,

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